

SKINNY MAG AS CHARMION.



"Hey, Peggy, come quick and see Skinny Mag doin' de undressin' act! It's great!"

The Way of Youth.

SMALL BOY (with his Christmas skates on)—Hey, Billy, come over on dis side where der boards wit "Danger!" on dem is.

A Mean Insinuation.

AIRTIGHT—I shall give my wife a handsome pair of spectacles for Christmas.
GUYER—Why, I didn't know you used glasses.

Cunning.

JIMMIE—But your stockin's have holes in them.
JOHNNIE—Sh! I'm goin' ter put a basket be-neath 'em.

HOW MAMMA UPSET EVERYTHING.

A Tale of a Mississippi Flood.



A Faithful Precept.

"Do you believe the old adage, 'A green Christmas make a fat churchyard'?"

"Yes; if the weather's mild at Christmas many people go bicycling and catch pneumonia."

Dead Broke.

JOHNSON—Say, but wouldn't Christmas presents drive you to drink?

JONES—Drive? Why, dash it, I haven't money enough left to even take a street car to the sa-loon.



and said he was such a joker there was no use talking to him. But it was no joke. His feet were in his stockings, his stockings were in his shoes, and he had awakened with a headache Christmas morning.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.

Old feuds forgot, old hates aside,
Now hearty clasps of hand,
While far and wide at Christmastide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a truce to pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts—
At ray Yuletide on every side
We're "worked" for Christmas gifts.

The Universal
Desire.

She was superbly dressed in the pinnacle of fashion, and would have been beautiful but for a certain stern, businesslike expression that rather marred the sweetness of her face.

First looking up and down, she darted swiftly into a narrow passageway and was soon knocking at a door emblazoned with the legend, "Signor Oleo Margerino—Clairvoyant. Future Foretold."

The door opened.
"Where is the Signor?" she nervously demanded.
"In bed, mum."

"Horrors! What's the matter with him?"
"Nervous prostration brought on by overwork."

"Overwork?"
"Yes, mum. Since September he's been busy peerin' into de future fer people wot wanted ter know de value uv Christmas presents dey wuz goin' to get so's they'd know how much to spend on their's."

Stiffing a shriek of despair, she sped away on the hunt for some other clairvoyant.

His Reasoning.

"It seems to me, dad," said the young hopeful, "that the proper kind of present for Christmas is a ten-dollar bill."
"Indeed? And why?" growled the parent.
"Because the season's usually spelled 'Xmas.'"
But he never touched him.

His Preference.

"I like a good long sermon."
"Most people don't."
"Well, it annoys me to be waked up after a short fifteen minutes' doze by the congregation rising to sing or having a collection plate poked in my ribs."

A Santa Claus Theory.

SWIPES—Soy, Chimmy, wot do yer tink about Sandy Claus?
CHIMMY—Well, er-cordin' ter me notion he's some boodle adderman wot's sorry an' is tryin' ter do de right t'ing.

Of Course.

THE PARTY—Quite a rush of the matrimonially inclined, isn't there?
PREACHER—Always at this time of year. It's cheaper to marry than buy Christmas presents, you know.

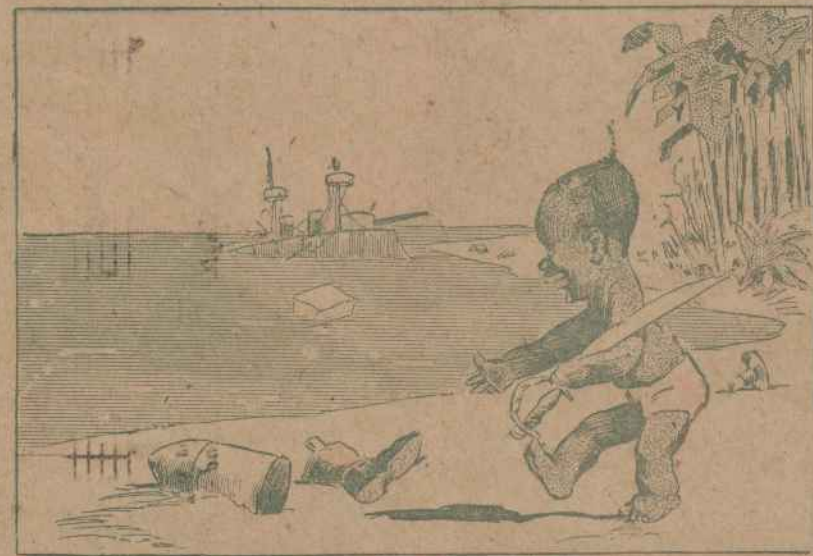
Real Considerate.

THE WOMAN—Why don't you give your husband some collar buttons for Christmas?
THE WIFE—Oh, he loses them so quickly that he feels like he's paying for something he didn't get.

Christmas Gifts.

"And what did you find in your stocking at Christmastide?" asked the coy young thing.
"Christmastide?" murmured the young man.
"Um—ah! I found my feet in them."

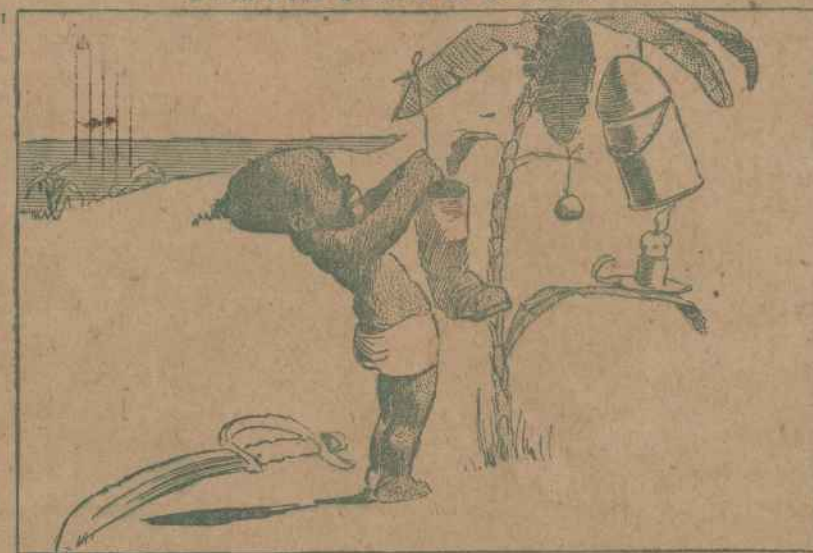
She poked him with a fan and said he was such a joker there was no use talking to him. But it was no joke. His feet were in his stockings, his stockings were in his shoes, and he had awakened with a headache Christmas morning.

PORTO RICO PETE
—AND HIS
CHRISTMAS TREE.

Porto Rico Pete Makes a find.



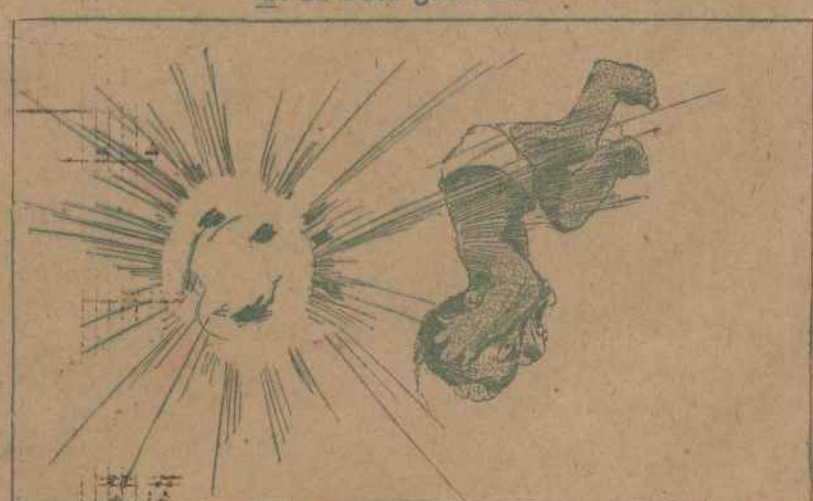
P. R. Pete decides to celebrate.



P. R. Pete wants a Christmas tree.



P. R. Pete gets one.



But—P. R. Pete—



--will never want another one.